STRANGE BIRD WAYS

Nests of the Oriole—Bird Cities of the Sea—Curious Homes of the Canadian Grouse—Bird Knowledge of Colors—Strange Uses of Wings—Robin's Social Clubs.

The more closely we study birds the more we appreciate the depth of our ignorance in regard to their lives and habits. We are constantly confronted with unexpected developments, signs of intelligence—even of reasoning, evidences of personal tastes, instances of departure from family customs; indeed, so many idiosyncrasies that a conscientious observer hesitates to affirm any settled habit of any particular species. It is hardly safer to say, for example, that all robins build nests of mud and other material in trees, than to say that all Englishmen build houses of bricks in long rows, for we frequently find variations from this habit. According to general experience of the birds of our country, it would seem tolerably safer to affirm that the female bird makes her own nest, sometimes allowing her mate to assist, sometimes preferring to do it all alone. Yet some bird families are known in which she departs from the ways of her sisters, and allows her mate to make all the preparations for her long sitting. A well-known hawk—the everglade kite—contents herself with looking on while her mate collects and arranges the twigs which form the nest, occasionally stopping in his work long enough to feed My Lady a few delectable snails.

Another defection from common bird ways is made by the phainopepla of California, a fine singer and interesting bird. This gallant spouse does all the work of gathering materials and weaving them into a neat, felt-like structure, always welcoming her to the post of looker-on, but never permitting her to touch the sacred cradle till it is entirely finished, and so happy in his occupation that he sings as he goes about.

It is confidently aserted and generally believed that the orchard oriole—a rather crusty cousin of our black and gold neighbor of the elms and willows—slings her graceful cup between the upright twigs of a tree, apple preferred. But in Florida

"Where the bannered mosses gray
In the breezes gently sway,"

she is known to build in the tempting material, not of it, for she cannot give up the wiry grass beloved of her family. Selecting a thick bunch of moss she works out a cavity in it and there places the pretty green cradle, which, turning yellow as it dries, makes one of the daintiest straw colored structures.

Again it is a well established fact, in books as well as in popular opinion, that bird families, though never so social in their ways, at nesting time prefer to separate themselves a little from their fellows, each pair having its individual nest and conducting its own domestic affairs. Even among the social sea birds who have what we call bird cities where nests are as thick as human habitations in our cities where many thousands of a species congregate, even there each pair is supposed to have its own nook for its own family. But here again is a family with individual idiosyncrasies. It belongs to a bird tribe noted for eccentricities, especially about domestic matters—the Cuckoos. The European branch is conspicuous for shirking the care of nest and nestlings and imposing the work on its neighbors. Our own species content themselves with a poor apology for a nest and often show a queer jumble of eggs and young of several ages together. The bird referred to, the ani, found sometimes in our Southern States, seems to have solved the problem which presents itself to the cuckoo family, namely how to reconcile the habit of depositing eggs at long intervals with the comfortable rearing of the young. The ani has overcome the difficulty in an original way and set us an example in co-operation. When nesting time arrives several of these birds combine and make a nest of large size in which the whole party deposit their eggs and take turns in the labor of sitting and bringing the young to years—or weeks—of discretion. The eggs are carfully placed in layers with leaves between them so that they shall not injure each other. If missionaries could be sent from this model community to teach their European relatives this solution of cuckoo troubles it would be most welcome to the hosts of small birds who are forced to incubate and rear cuckoo youngsters.

A vagary in the manner of nest building is shown by one of the grouse, a family which also exhibits originality and peculiarity in several ways. This is the Canada grouse, or spruce partridge, found in the Northern part of the United States. When moved to nest making, the bird scratches a cup-shaped place in the ground and lays three eggs. This only to begin, for her "set" varies from ten to fifteen. Then every time she deposits another buff-spotted sphere, she picks up straws, grass, leaves or whatever she finds handy, and tosses them over her back towards the nest as she goes away. By the time her set is complete she has accumulated a quantity of litter around the nest, evidently with the intention of providing occupation for the tedious hours of incubation. Then as she sits in the nest she reaches out, gathers in the stuff, and arranges it around her at her leisure. When the nest is completed and ready to serve its use as a nursery it is very deep and nicely constructed of grass and leaves.

Not only have many of our little neighbors individuality about nest building, but some of them have decided notions about colors. A canary belonging to a family in New England greatly disliked black, and showed his feelings on every occasion. When a black cook was employed he was so distressed and unhappy that the family felt obliged—in pity—to replace her with a white one. A tame robin had strong aversion to all bright colors, except yellow, which he so much admired that he would "alight in perfect rapture" (as his mistress says) on the hand of a person knitting yellow wool. A certain parrot, on the contrary, so hated yellow that he would scold and refuse to approach his adored mistress when she wore it. A yellow ribbon, or anything of that color, would drive him almost frantic. When a mass of ends of worsteds were given him, he looked them over carefully, picking out all the blue ones and put them in a pile by themselves, showing that he had likes as well as dislikes. The common ruby-throated humming bird shows great fondness for bright red. I have seen one almost alight on a lady with a red waist, and hover some minutes before a red-painted piazza seat, passing back and forth before it, almost touching and seeming loath to leave it.

The oppossum has the credit of the trick of feigning death when captured, but several birds are equally clever at it. Among them are one or two grouse, or partridges, the humming bird and other small birds, some of whom even go through the process of gasping for breath and apparently dying. In some cases this is probably actual paralysis from fright, and in others a sort of fainting, but in general it appears to be true "shamming." Besides feigning to be dead "with intent to deceive" many birds pretend to be hurt, to draw the enemy away from the nest or young. Perhaps the drollest is by another of the grotesque grouse family. The Canadian ruffed grouse throws herself on her breast and kicks herself along with her feet aided by her spread wings, adding to the comical effect by squealing at the top of her voice. She goes just fast enough to prevent her pursuer getting his hand on her, while the young whom she is trying to protect by these manoeuvers drop where they are, and remain perfectly motionless. One of the most remarkable and least understood powers of a bird is that of sinking the body in water till only the beak is above the surface, and remaining in that position without motion. This faculty is possessed by several ducks and geese, and is exceedingly useful to birds pursued as game, often preserving their lives.

Nothing is more certain than that the wing of a bird is to fly with, but it is not confined to that use. It is capable of varied expression. Some birds have a curious custom of lifting the wings, which evidently means something more than we are yet able to interpret. Sandpipers on alighting often lift one or both wings high above the back before they settle. The mocking bird has a very significant way of lifting both wings when advancing to the attack of a beetle. I have sometimes thought it might be for instant fight if the quarry developed alarming propensities; it has been suggested that it is to startle and flush the game." In one case a redwing blackbird plainly meant to express a great deal when he came as near me as he could get, lifted one wing and held it quivering while he fixed his eyes on me, and delivered a long harangue, evidently of grieved complaint. (Being about to leave home I had carried him to a strange house in a covered cage.)

New habits and ways are constantly coming to light to upset all our time-worn theories and beliefs. It has been discovered that robins have social clubs, and that some birds drink salt water; crows eat more cutworms than corn, and shrikes more beetles than birds; that nestlings have to be educated, and ground birds have light breasts for concealment; that some feathered "lords of creation" assume the entire care of the young and others never see their offspring till they graduate from the nursery; that some fathers will eat their own babies and others will die for theirs, and strangest of all, that it is possible to change color without moulting.

It is thus seen that we have by no means exhausted the interest of bird study. Every day we are called upon to modify previous opinions, and if the army of observers continues to increase as it has been doing of late it will not be long before our ornithologies will have to be rewritten. Then it is to be hoped we shall really know something of the lives of our most interesting fellow-creatures and be able to appreciate that

"Earth were not half so bright or fair
Without these minstrels of the air."

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

THE MIND OF A DOG.

From Bishop Goodsell's "Nature and Character at Granite Bay."

He came to us in a crate, a gift from Omaha, valued as to contents at $50. He was principally legs when we first saw him. Earlier it may be that these were not so out of proportion with his body, and that he could play without getting them tangled; but this was impossible now. The last six weeks had gone to legs. His long nose was chafed through his ardor in seeking acquaintances in the express car and on express truck. This ardor diminished as he grew older, reaching such pass finally that he recognized no one outside the family without permission. This was not due to any ingrained aristocratic feeling, but to a deep sense of his duty to the members of the family, and to the fact that what strength he had must be in reserve for their use.

He was a thoroughbred greyhound, slate-colored, with all the regulation white points, a star on his breast, and the tip of his tail white also. There was, no doubt, great promise in his ancestry, and promise in his ample and awkward outline. From the overgrowth of his legs he was awkward as a cow. Yet from the first day he had that noble, statuesque way of sitting peculiar to his kind, the forepaws extended before him, his hind legs close to his side, and his whip of a tail carefully aligned.

The naming of any member of a family requires thought and consultation. It was only after much of both that we reached unanimity as to the name Gad. The final reason is a family secret. The name was not, however, a family name; nor was it in any way derogatory to the son of Jacob and Zilpah.

Everybody's dog is the best and smartest in the world. As a unit in this everybody I proceed to prove that mine was. It makes no difference whether he be thoroughbred, cur, or "benchleg," the universal fact is, "Love me, love my dog."

Here in Tennessee no law against dogs can be passed. It is fatal to the future of the legislator who proposes it. The cities and towns would like it; some of the farmers who lose their sheep desire it; but the man of the mountain and the cabin will have none of it. Hence waste tracts and few sheep. Can the influence of the dog be better shown?

Does not the reason lurk in this, that the dog's devotion to his master begets a sense of oneness which exists in no other subhuman relation?

Hence it is the other dog which is always to blame for a fight; and if he snaps, it is because he is teased. I think it is something of the same feeling, increased also by fear of commercial loss if good reputation be gone, that makes every owner of a skittish horse speak of him "as gentle as a kitten." More than once I have been upset and damaged by these kittenish horses. It is, of course, possible that in horse talk the owner may use this phrase much as "David Harum" did when he recommended the horse which would stand without hitching. Kittens can bite, scratch, spit furiously, and have running fits, which last I know to be true of a horse.

Named and fed, Gad was shut up for the night in the barn. But as he had been for five days and nights on the train, and constantly in human society, I was no sooner ready for sleep than his loneliness overcame him and he lifted up his voice in lamentation. The volume of this wail suggested that his throat had grown to the length of his legs. Phebe has a faculty for sleep to the measure of genius. She has denied thunderstorms in the night, because she did not hear them. But Gad waked her. Her imperative tone was excusable. After lights appeared in neighboring houses, and I thought I saw the railroad president loading his gun, I brought him into the house.

Human society was all he craved. On a rug in the corner, after turning round three times, as is the habit of prairie wolves in treading down grass for a bed, he stretched himself on his side and was quiet until morning, with one slight exception. Doubt as to whether we were still in the house led him, about midnight, to put his cold nose on Phebe's hand. The observations which followed, though entirely ladylike, had the element of surprise in them, and awakened doubt in my mind whether Gad had not better have been left in the barn. Yet he won his way to her heart so fully the day after that always, until we lost him, he slept in the house, free to wander, which he seldom did, and then only when some noise required investigation.

I write of him as "Gentleman Gad" because from his puppyhood he had the manners of a gentleman. Little training was necessary as to his behavior in the house. His blood told. Greyhounds are commonly thought unintelligent as compared, for instance, with collies. I cannot conceive of greater intelligence, loyalty and obedience in a dog than Gad showed. He certainly understood much that we said, and knew when we were talking to him, though his name was not mentioned.

The season at Granite Bay brought him to eight months of age, not yet mature, but well grown and as beautiful and graceful as a dog can be. His nose elongated, his chest deepened, the muscles of his mighty thighs stood out, his tail grew in length, curvature as to the whole, and with a particularly pretty curve at the tip. He accumulated an impressive mouthful of teeth. Not once did he snap them or growl at any members of the family. All the neighbors and the little children came to love him. With strangers he permitted only brief familiarity, keeping himself chiefly for us.

Never but once did he harm any live thing except intruding cats and impertinent dogs. He killed a nestling which had fallen from a tree to the grass. He was then very young, and was whipped. The next week he found another, which he fenced in with his paws until it was restored to its clamorous mother.

It was highly necessary to train him to distinguish between the cats of our immediate neighbors and disreputable vagrants of that order; soon accomplished as to the distinction, but developing a compensating intensity of pursuit as to all of unknown ownership. As I was not fond of seeing these manifestations of his severer nature, I commonly screened them from vision by going into the house when I saw that he was bent on the banishment, if not worse, of unknown cats. Hence, I am not in a position to state what happened.

His bearing toward lesser dogs at this time was rich in patience and dignity. He paid little attention to them unless I invited him to do so. They found it well to go home then, but went unhurt. Dogs of his size hesitated to come into the yard on seeing him. He took his naps where he could see all who came to the gate. He looked steadily at such, partly raised himself, growled with a depth and vigor proportioned to their nearness. No one resisted the final vigor of his protest against invaders.

It was difficult to cure him of digging holes in the garden. Bones were very precious, and he could not think of wasting them or sharing them with curs of low degree. It was not polite to take them into the house. He must, therefore, bury them. His mighty paws hurled the earth ten feet behind him, and a minute was sufficient for a great hole. Not naturally aware of the value of flowers and shrubs, it had to be taught him by pointing out the hole, the ruined plants, and by earnest exhortation, by the exhibition of a whip, and once by the sting of it. He learned to avoid the flower beds, but as to other places the temptation overcame him to the last. But his bearing always betrayed him if he had been digging, even when we had not seen it. He went about meekly, with a deprecatory air—had a marked tendency to retirement. When we said, "Gad, you've been digging a hole!" his spirits utterly sank, and he would crawl at our feet until forgiven.

Not allowed to be in the dining room while we were at meals, he lay just outside with a sharp eye on our procedure, and knew, as well as we, when we were nearly through. When sitting on the floor his head reached far enough above the table to eat handily from a plate. No one could be less greedy. He would wait until a napkin was tied round his neck, and eat piece by piece and drop nothing.

We could not take him South with us. During the four months of our absence he passed from large puppyhood to full doghood. We were not a little anxious to see if he would know us on return. He heard my footsteps while still shut in the house, nearly burst the door in his effort to reach me, put his paws on my shoulders, raced around the yard, jumped all the fences, and "bayed a deep-mouthed welcome." When Phebe came he climbed into the carriage in his joyful frenzy.

After this he became more stately in bearing, and was of wonderful agility. At my command he would leap the fences, but not often otherwise. He now developed more fully that sense of ownership, while on our place, which some dogs never seem to acquire. He almost never left the place unless to accompany some member of the family. He would go with a guest when permitted. He perfectly understood "You may go," "You cannot go." If permitted to go, his joy and eagerness were touching. The putting on of a hat made him tremble with expectation until asked to go. Then with a mighty leap he cleared the veranda, was over the fence, and waited at the foot of the hill. This compelled us to believe that he went as far as he could in order to be sure that he would not be sent back. He knew the difference between preparations for a walk to the village and for a journey. Trunks and traveling bags made him as unhappy as hats and canes made him glad.

It was about this time that he learned to call the children, who slept upstairs, and afterward his mistress, who slept downstairs. Where he lay down at night we commonly found him in the morning. He waited for me to bid him rise; followed me about in my morning's preparations. When I said, "Go and call the girls," he raced up stairs, wedged the door open with his sharp nose, and never came down until he was patted and caressed. What an air of duty well done he bore then! He understood perfectly the difference between "Go and call the girls" and "Go and call Phebe." He made no mistake whichever was said first.

This summer he was promoted to sleeping on a lounge, his long legs having been often stepped on while he slept on the floor. But he never sought the lounge until told to go there, and would not leap upon it unless the cushion was turned over, exposing its leather side. He learned not to do this in a day. When lying on the floor I would say as to a person, "Gad it is time for you to go to bed." He would go instantly to the lounge. If the leather side was up, he promptly took his place; if not, he waited until the cushion was turned.

When full grown he was fearless as to other dogs of any size, as he was far from being when a puppy. In his youth he depended on his speed. I shall never forget the behavior of a cross and heavy dog who hid behind a box which Gad must pass on his way to the village. I noticed that Gad was watchful, but could see no reason. He walked stiffly by my side. There was a rush from the box, which nearly tripped me. The big dog leaped for Gad. But Gad was not there. He was running homeward as only a greyhound can. The big dog was the picture of astonishment and disappointment.

No dog attacked him after he was full grown, but all kept at a respectful distance. I had supposed him too good to fight; too amiable! I wondered that some dogs acted so queerly in his presence. One collie in particular would wade into the sea up to his neck and hiss at him. Gad walked to the water's edge, turned his back on him, threw some sand at him, and walked stiffly off in contempt of such a coward.

Greyhounds are seldom good water dogs. But Gad was actually fond of bathing and of swimming, and would, on hot days, stand for a long time immersed, save his head. He delighted to be in the water with the young people. Once, when we had left him with the fisherman on the island, he swam across the cut and was found on our veranda. He was as happy as possible in a boat, sat steadily in his place, and more than once swam after the boat when left behind.

I have said that I did not understand why the other dogs seemed to fear him. I supposed he did not fight because he was too amiable and because he never showed hurts from fighting. So for years I thought him above it by reason of the dignity of his nature. But I was set right by the long captain, who told me Gad was the worst fighter in town! When another dog snarled at him he never bit at leg or throat, but leaped into the air, came down to fix his terrible fangs on the other dog's loins, and this was the end of the battle. I confess to both pain and pride in hearing this—pain that I did not know as much as I thought I did, and pride that, seeing he did fight, he was able to secure quiet for himself when with me by these private contests, forced, of course, upon him.

My neighbor, the railroad president, had a small, obese, venerable, but most faithful and affectionate black and tan; dear to everybody for his devoted attachment to the ladies of the family. I have known him when crippled with rheumatism, and asleep when they left him, to follow over the six miles between their city home and the bay. As they rode all the way he came not by scent, but by conviction that, if not at home, they must be at the bay.

This dog could not bear that his young mistresses should show Gad much attention. He snarled every moment he had to endure it. Having as keen a knowledge of the boundaries of his master's property as Gad had, the presence of any other dog in his preserve grieved him greatly.

Now, the peculiar thing is that Gad took no notice of Frisk's resentment when Gad was on Frisk's premises; apparently, he thought it well within Frisk's rights to behave as he did. His mistresses warned Frisk to behave or he would be paid off some day.

The young ladies were coming for a call, Frisk with them. Gad went out to welcome them. Frisk snarled on Gad's premises. Gad shook him, set him down unhurt, and walked stiffly off with an air of magnanimous virtue.

I wish we had not left him the last time. The fisherman and his good wife were as kind as possible. If Gad could not be with us, I knew he would have wished to be with them. He mourned for us when we were gone. He was much cheered by a visit from our baby grandson, but he pined and fretted and developed pneumonia. The fisherman's wife said, weeping, "He was not like a beast, but a human being." A physician attended him. Consumption followed. When I came in the spring he was a skeleton, unable to rise. The doctor lifted him to his feet. Gad staggered across the room, put his head between my knees, after his old loving fashion, fell down from weakness, but kept his eye on me with just the tip of his tail wagging. A few days after he died when I could not be with him.

Neither my tears then nor heartache now make me ashamed. So passed out of our sight our stanchest friend, bravest protector, most loyal guard, most loving companion, and intelligent servitor, not human, we ever had. His human goodnesses were so many that we still speak of him as "Gentleman Gad," and only now have found one exactly like him to take his place.

She—Wonder why tall men always marry little women?
He—They take the lesser evil.

A "Bear's" Christmas Tree.

Boston Transcript.

It all happened on Tuesday afternoon in a broker's office, a broker who, in the latest copper flurry, was technically known as a "bear." So he decided to be known as a generous bear. To his employes, including half a dozen or so of young women stenographers, he communicated his willing intent to have a Christmas tree well adorned with gifts at his expense. The employes did the buying. That is, since employes are always supposed to know just what their fellows want better than they know their own desires, it was arranged that each should buy for some other and not for himself. And jolly as were the plans for the tree and its trimmings it is said that when dismantling time came, all anticipations were overtopped by the reality. The fun was continuous and contagious. And the employer was not forgotten. Of course the obvious token for him was a bear, and he got a flock of them, if it is proper so to refer to a large collection of these four-footed animals. Some of them were of the kind given to children filled with candies, but there were one or two others that contained greetings of a more substantial kind. Which led the host to add his voice to the expression of regret that Christmas comes but once year, thus making it unanimous.

MORE FLAGPOLES USED.

New York Is Making Heavy Demands on the Supply.

New York Herald.

Leading manufacturers of flagpoles in this city say that the demand for poles has increased wonderfully within the last ten years. Every builder who estimates on the erection of a house is obliged to include a flagpole in his plans. The poles are made of wood, usually of spruce or pine. For lengths of seventy feet or less spruce is preferred. Beyond that height pine is chosen if the pole is a single stick.

The wood comes from Norway, Nova Scotia and northern New York. It lies under water for a year and is then ready to be hewn into a square piece. After that it is cut down smaller with a draw shave, smoothed with a flat plane and finished with a hollow plane. If the pole is not exactly straight it has to be made so by planing it on one side. It is then put out in a yard to "check." That is, it gets a chance to crack on the sides. These cracks or "checks" are filled with putty, or, if too large, they are filled with oakum and calked like the timbers of a ship.

The pole is then painted and fitted with a wooden ball on top. Flagpole makers say that poles ought to be painted once a year; it makes them last longer. When a pole is put up in two pieces it is joined together by a dovetail splice. This splice is strengthened by heavy iron bands around the splicing. From fifty to eighty feet makes a good length for a pole.

If it is eighty feet long it ought to have a diameter of twelve to fourteen inches at its base, and other lengths are made in nearly this proportion. Flagpoles are taken down because they rot at the base, but a great number of them get struck by lightning every year. After that they are good for nothing but firewood.

A flagpole costs for the buyer from $15 to $150. It costs the maker from $2 to $15, but he has to reject many sticks when he comes to work them into shape, and he has to put them in position. This task is often difficult and dangerous.

Poles have to be put on the tops of domes, and a circular stairway has to be built around the sides of these domes to enable workmen to reach the required point. Then poles are placed on flat roofs and peaked roofs, on stone walls, on rocks and even on trees.

Another authority says that the wind has a good deal to do in warping the poles, and still another expert says that a pole will bend in the same direction that it inclined when it was a tree in its native forest.

None of these reasons alters the indisputable fact that the flagpoles of New York are nearly all bent with their heads toward the north.

The memory of "Tom" Riley's liberty pole is still green in the hearts of many New Yorkers. This famous pole stood near the corner of Broadway and Franklin street. It was erected in 1834, on Washington's birthday, and towered upward 137 feet from the ground. Figures were placed upon it at intervals to mark its height, and the little grass plot on which it stood was the scene of memorable gatherings of firemen in the days of the volunteer fire department.

Streams of water were thrown toward the top of Riley's pole, and the engine that reached the highest mark received a prize from judges who viewed the contest from roofs close by. Riley's pole was struck by lightning within ten months after its erection. It was replaced by a new one, and the latter pole was there as late as 1858, when the advance of business caused its removal.

Every schoolboy can see in his mind's eye the daring American who climbed the Battery flagpole and tore down the British colors that had been nailed there when the English sailed from New York in 1783.

MAKING MOVING PICTURES.

Developing the Continuous Plates a Difficult Thing.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"One of the queerest and most interesting things about the making of moving pictures," said an expert the other day, "is the development of the negative. Any amateur knows how difficult it often is to get good results from a single small photo—how the sensitive gelatin will display nothing short of total depravity the moment it gets into the bath—and he will be prepared to appreciate the difficulty of developing a ship a hundred feet long, containing over a thousand separate pictures, all of which have to be 'brought out' with exactly uniform distinctness. Yet the way it is done is comparatively simple. To begin with a very large dark room is necessary, so the operators can move about without crowding. I call to mind a firm of film makers that have one seventy-eight feet long. It is illuminated with ruby light, and down the center is a porcelain tank containing the developing solution. Suspended above this tank, so the lower edge dips into it, is a glass wheel or drum about six feet in diameter. When the film is taken into the dark room the first thing done is to wind it around the drum, which is then set slowly revolving by perfectly adjusted machinery. The result is that the strip is carried through the solution at a perfectly regular speed, and each little picture on its surface is developed with absolute uniformity. The drum has an electric lamp inside of it, and the operator can see exactly how the work is progressing by simply turning it on. Of course, the subsequent drying, toning, fixing and so on are mere child's play, and involve no trouble, but before the developing wheel was thought of fully three films out of five were accidently spoiled. The retrenching of the sensitive strip is another interesting feature of the process of manufacture, and has latterly grown into something closely approaching an art. A modern expert can remove almost any defect or add any detail that is desired. When an effort was made to get pictures of the great Fitzsimmons fight at Carson City, Dan Stuart, who had the recording machine in charge, very foolishly ordered the wooden framework to be painted on the morning of the battle. When the apparatus got into motion the rapid vibration scattered hundreds of minute drops of paint over the surface of the film. This was not discovered until it was brought East for development, and the operator at once declared that the record was ruined. Accordingly it was cast aside. At present the spots could have been removed with the greatest of ease."

A Study in Feeling.

To be a great musician you must be a man of moods,
You have to be, to understand sonatas and etudes,
To execute pianos and to fiddle with success,
With sympathy and feeling you must fairly effervesce;
It was so with Paganini, Remenzi and Chopang,
And so it was with Peterkin Von Gabriel O'Lang.

Monsieur O'Lang had sympathy to such a great degree,
No virtuoso ever lived was quite so great as he;
He was either very happy or very, very sad;
He was always feeling heavenly or oppositely bad;
In fact, so sympathetic that he either must enthuse
Oh have the dumps; feel ecstacy or flounder in the blues.

And when his soul was troubled he had not the heart to play,
But let his head droop sadly down in such a soulful way
That every one that saw him declared it was worth twice
(And some there were said three times) the large admission price;
And all were quite unanimous and said it would be crude
For such a man to fiddle when he wasn't in the mood.

But when his soul was filled with joy he tossed his flowing hair,
And waved his violin bow in great circles in the air;
Ecstatically he flourished it, for so his spirit thrilled,
Thus only could he show the joy with which his heart was filled;
And so he waved it up and down and 'round and out and in—
But he never, never, never touched it to his violin.

Ellis Parker Butler, in Leslie's Monthly.

Surfeit of Celebrations.

Springfield Republican.

Raleigh, N. C., proposes next summer to celebrate the landing of the original English colony on Roanoke island, off the North Carolina coast, and also to erect a statue to Sir Walter Raleigh, for whom the city was named. In 1906 the State of Oregon will celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the Lewis and Clark expedition across the continent to the Pacific ocean by an exposition at Portland. The proposed Jamestown celebration in Virginia will come in 1907. Including the Louisiana purchase exposition in 1903, the country is well provided for in affairs of this sort for years to come.

The Novelist and the Fireman.

Philadelphia Record.

"My neighbor, Cyrus Townsend Brady," said a railroad engineer, living near Overbrook, "has just brought out a railroad story that has some pretty bad breaks in it. I'll only take one, and that is where the hero, a young fellow from Yale, goes and gets a job as a locomotive fireman. Mr. Brady thought, I guess, that firing was the lowest rung on the ladder, and that any young chap out of Yale could step right in and fill such a simple job. He was mistaken. Here, now, is how you get to be a fireman in real life, unless you have a big pull. You start as an engine wiper; you go around the yard wiping off the engines with waste. And you begin in the pit; you get down in the hole and wipe the engine's lower parts, those parts that are invisible. Six months at least you stay down there before you are promoted. Then you come up out of the pit and wipe the wheels. The topmost parts, by the way, are wiped by the fireman in person. Your new job lasts about a year, and during your leisure you learn how fires are built and banked, and how to make a shovel of coal fall within a couple of feet of where you want it to go. Then, maybe, you are given a trial at last as a substitute fireman. They put you, for your trial, on the heaviest freight engine on the line. This engine is bound to be overloaded by about five cars, and the trip is uphill all the way. You work at shoveling coal as you never worked in your life before, and the engineer sits looking down at you with a frown, and his language is something awful. But if you're lucky you qualify, and you become finally a fireman. Mr. Brady's man, though, becomes a fireman in a day."

An Artist's Scheme.

Philadelphia Record.

"When people talk about an art that they are ignorant of, call their bluff," said a painter. "That is what I did to a man who used to spout sculpture to me. I faked up a lot of names and sprang them on him like this: 'But in sheer beauty of line, you know, Donzinetti even surpasses Michael Angelo. Is not that true?' There is no Donzinetti, but the bluffer bit nobly. 'Donzinetti,' he said, 'is one of my ideals.' Then I went on: 'I am sure, then, that you like Benvenuto Cinciilotto. Do you remember his Bacchante in the Pitti Palace?' 'Ah, Benvenuto Cinciilotto!' the bluffer cried. 'What ecstatic moments that subtle Bacchante of his has given me!' 'Peter de Hog, Montagny-Gaudin, Jerome of Salmasidio,' I continued thoughtfully; 'you know them, too?' 'Do I know them?' said the bluffer. 'Why, Jerome and Hog and Montagny-Gaudins were the masters who first aroused my love for art.' I left this fellow then, and I told my friends how I had duped him. Now, whenever he appears among us we won't let him talk about anything but Donzinetti, Cinciilotto, Salmasidio and Montagny-Gaudin. His views on them are great."

MODERN FABLES BY GEORGE ADE.

THE MODERN FABLE OF HOW ECONOMICAL EDWARD GOT HIS QUIETUS . . . .

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Once there was a young fellow named Edward who could make a Dollar go as far as the next one. He wore Hand-me-Downs that looked as if they had been made by a Swell Tailor. He kept his Trousers on Hangers and took such good care of his Wardrobe that a Suit would last him from 3 to 5 Years. He shaved himself and blacked his own Shoes and borrowed a Paper to read.

So that although his Salary didn't make him round-shouldered taking it Home, he was enabled to soak a couple of the Green Kind each Month and was contemplating Matrimony.

Edward estimated that two of them could get along comfortably on his Pay without cracking the Nest Egg. In Fact, he had it all figured out. The House Rent would be so much and the Groceries would stand him something, and then he allowed $200 a year for Clothing. He knew that he could worry along on half of that Amount, and he had heard that Dresses were Cheaper than Suits of Clothes.

One Evening just about the time when he was waiting for a Chance to nab the

"AIN'T THAT A DREAM?"

Girl, he was at the House with other Callers, among them several Women.

They were asking the Real Thing about some Finery she had just purchased. She said she knew it must be an awful Bore to Men, but she supposed she would have to show it. So she went upstairs and came back with enough Merchandise to fill one of Wanamaker's Windows.

The Women Callers went into Convulsions and the Men looked at it solemnly and said, "Yes, it's Purty."

"Ain't that a Dream? asked the Real Thing, holding up a Picture Hat. "I got that for next to Nothing. He wanted 60 but I jewed him down to 55."

"How much did your Tailor-Made set you back?" asked one of the Callers.

"Only 150," replied the Real Thing.

"My, that's awful Cheap," said the Caller.

"Yes, and I think it's just as good as the Expensive Kind. Oh, by the way, Tessie, I saw a Boa yesterday that was a Looloo. I'm going to have it, too. The Man wants 200 for it."

They were so busy looking at the new Duds they did not notice that Edward had fallen back in a Swoon. He recovered sufficiently to find his way back to the Boarding House, but he destroyed the $100-a-Year Estimate, and the Real Thing was never again annoyed by having him call her up on the 'Phone.

Moral: There is always one Way of getting rid of him.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE GIRL WHO HAD HER REASONING POWERS WITH HER.

A certain hardworking Butterfly who met a Girl in the Afternoon and called on her that Evening, had a little System of his own. He believed that the correct Method was to tell each New One all about how

"SCAT, YOU TRIFLER!"

the Others were crazy to Land him. This would show that he was a Popular Young Fellow and would make the New One a little more eager to cut the others out.

The System worked so well that he used it all the time. He kept his Pockets full of Letters and Photographs to prove that he was No. 1 with at least a Dozen of them and in order to make it very Strong he had a few Presents of Jewelry that he would show, under his Coat, when he became very Confidential.

Said he to himself: "The short-sighted Lothario sits alongside of his Lovey-Dove and tells her that she is the only one in the whole Patch, but I let her know that I am more than Friendly with at least five or six. Competition is the life of Courtship. I play one against another. It's a Shame the Way I String them."

It chanced that this Circulating Suitor one day met a sweet and shapely Venus and immediately flashed his Date-Book.

"Have you any Open Time?" he asked.

"Come up to-morrow Evening," she replied. "I have another Booking, but I will cancel it."

He arrived before she had her Make-Up on. He started early, because he had so much to tell her. She didn't know him very well, so it was necessary to give her a Line on his Record as a Girl-Subduer.

She came down and he got Busy. He showed her a Ring that had been given to him one Night in a Boat, and he let her read part of the Letters to prove that they called him Darling Boy and he told how several Weddings had been postponed in the Hope that he, the Idol of the Ladies and the Envy of the Men, might change his Mind.

The Girl was intensely interested. For a Woman to be a Man's Confidante in a throbbing Love Affair is unadulterated feminine Luxury.

Along about 11 o'clock he thought he had her sufficiently Enthralled, so he placed himself on the Sofa and attempted to take her Hand.

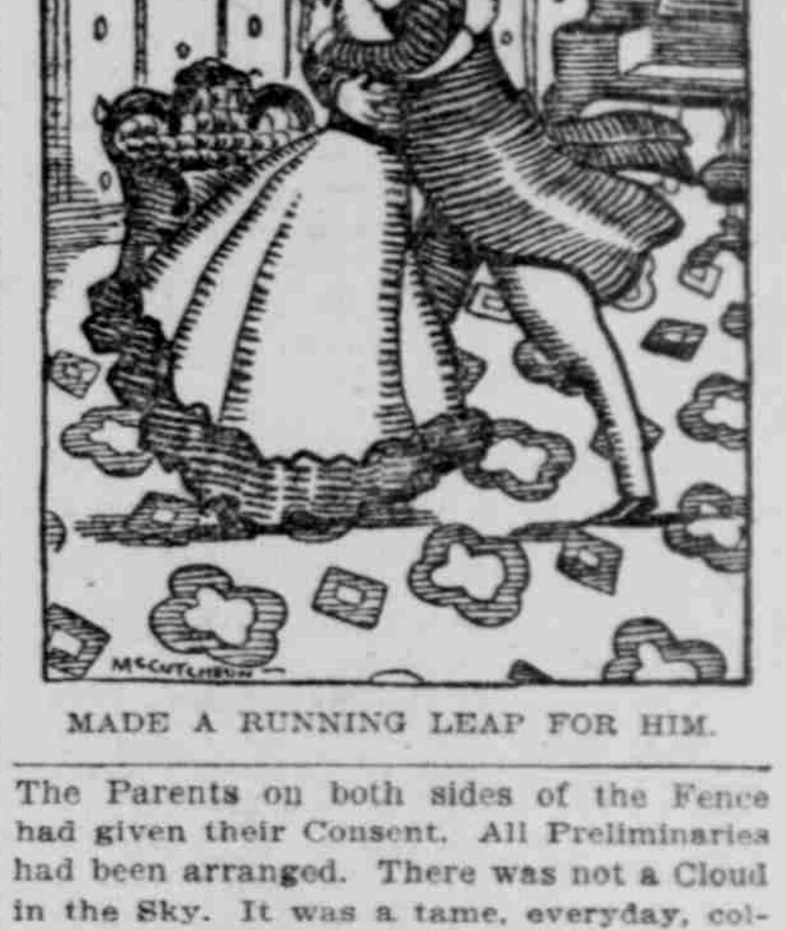
"Scat, You Trifler!" exclaimed the Beautiful Maiden, repulsing him. "No Member of the Tell Club can do the Fondle around this House. When you get ready to publish your Book on the Confessions of a Male Coquette, you will have to omit the Chapter about Me, because I am not going to give you any Souvenirs, or write you any give-away Letters or send my Photo. I have learned to put a Blue Tag on the Man who tells all he Knows."

Moral: The Man who tells you about the Last One will tell the Next One about you.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE ROUND-ABOUT WAY IN WHICH GILBERT MADE HIMSELF STRONG WITH ALICE.

Gilbert was engaged to marry Refined Alice, Daughter of the Commission Merchant.

He was on the List of Eligibles that every Mother in Town had in her Writing Desk.



MADE A RUNNING LEAP FOR HIM.

The Parents on both sides of the Fence had given their Consent. All Preliminaries had been arranged. There was not a Cloud in the Sky. It was a tame, everyday, colorless kind of Courtship, and that is why it did not suit Alice.

She wanted to be Engaged to some one who would send a Secret Message by the Faithful Servant and then climb a Rope Ladder and try to Kiss her through a Screen Window. Her idea of meeting a Lover was to slip out on a Dark Night and find him at the Trysting Place muffled in a Cloak. There was no particular Excitement in being under Contract to one who came in the Front Way. So she wearied of the Alliance and Gilbert began to have Visions of himself losing his Number.

He knew that she wanted a Love Affair with a few streaks of Melodrama in it, and rather than pass up a Good Thing he fixed it for her.

He got her Father into a Poker Party and bluffed him out of his Money and then joshed him. Alice's Father went home and said that he had been mistaken in the Young Man and perhaps she had better call the Deal off. Then a lot of Gilbert's Friends went around to see her and they began to Knock. They told her that Gilbert was an all-night Bat and a Sport, and that he had a Past.

"They are trying to Separate us," said Alice with her Hand on her Heart. "But Courage! I will be True."

Gilbert wrote and said he dared not come to the House for fear her Father would take a Shot at him, but if she loved him to put a Lamp in the Window and he would be outside in the Rain waiting to learn his Fate. It was a happy Night for Alice.

Next day she told her Parents that unless they permitted her to marry the Man of her Heart she would abjure the World and enter a Convent. They yielded, and when Gilbert returned she made a running Leap for him and gave him the kind of Reception that he had been wanting all the time.

Moral—A Woman never Clings until some one starts to Pull in the Opposite Direction.